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HUNTING WORK IN SUMMER.

A graduate of the University of Minnesota has asked the New York Post and the Chicago Tribune to air his reasons why commencement should be held in the fall instead of in June. He left school in June with such honors as Phi Beta Kappa, and had to trail the jobless route for the following six months, would be met, along about the holidays, deplore a bleak world's unkind wilderness? Would he not prefer to be knee deep in summer, when, if he had to remain idle, he could at least retain a degree of physical comfort? The trouble with too many of these present-day graduates is that they emerge from the dear old alma mater thinking deathly has a greater career carved out than is really in store for them; they are not willing to begin at the bottom, says the Indianapolis Star. Scholastic training is the greatest asset a young man can carry as he strikes out for himself, but with it he must have the determination to begin with little things if he hopes ultimately to reach greater things. A college degree is not always a passport to the presidency of a big industrial corporation, though it is oftentimes a condition precedent.

Following the store robbery and shooting of a policeman in Cleveland by a boy, inflamed by stories of Wild West life and highwaymen, a councilman of that city has introduced an ordinance prohibiting the sale of trashy and immoral books to the youth. There should be such legislation in every city, says the Ohio State Journal. We spend millions to educate a boy right; why not do something to keep him from being educated wrong? We have laws to prevent people from poisoning their bodies; why not a regulation to restrain them from poisoning their minds? To give a boy a book that will make a highwayman of him is a black offense that should not be permitted. It is an attack on society that society should not tolerate. We are greatly excited upon the question what schoolbooks shall be furnished the children. We should be a great deal more excited upon the question of keeping harmful books away from them. Ordinances are needed for this purpose. There is a vast amount of bad citizenship made by bad books, and there are stacks of bad books.

It is a base libel on the American hen to charge that she could lay about twice as many eggs as she does every year, and is therefore dishonest. It is unbelievable that the American poultry association is responsible for this reflection on her powers. The truth is, the hen's egg output is automatic, being regulated by the treatment her owners give her. On a proper diet, which includes shell-making material, she works with great diligence, according to her breed. If she is expected to pick up a living about the barnyard and to keep herself warm in exposed winter quarters, her tally naturally suffers. The hen is a gold mine only when her owner co-operates with her.

The new minister of war in France, M. Messimy, is growing unpopular with the French officers. Taking an illustrious American exemplar, he has issued an order that the examination for promotion to generalship shall include severe physical tests, and another by which corps commanders are to report officers who are unfit to take the field. Any one who has seen an army review in Paris, say July 14, and observed the fat generals jolting like jelly in their saddles, will sympathize with M. Messimy's efforts.

Every dweller in tropical or semi-tropical countries knows that windows and doors should be closed in the early hours of the morning, and not opened again until sunset if the house is to be kept reasonably cool throughout the day. They are opened widely enough to the breeze of the night, but dark blinds and closed shutters are the secret of keeping the temperature low. However, one can never convince an Englishman of this fact unless he also has seen his demonstration abroad.

An interesting sight in London is one of the great periodic sales of raw skins and furs held at a fur warehouse in the city. The magnitude of the trade and the vast amount of money involved would surprise any one who visited one of these sales for the first time. At the premises in Great Queen street one can wander from floor to floor piled with thousands upon thousands of skins until one begins to wonder where all the creatures they once clothed lived.

A baby of four months was one of the passengers in the German Zepplin airship, the youngest on record. By the time this youthful aviator is of age airship routes may be as plentiful and as usual as trolley lines now, for there is no saying what is going to happen in this age of remarkable resources.

ITALIANS SINK A TURKISH WARSHIP

CRUISER SENDS OTTOMAN DESTROYER TO BOTTOM OF MEDITERRANEAN.

LANDS FORCES IN TRIPOLI

Commander of Garrison at Tripoli Refuses to Surrender to Squadrons—Turkish Cabinet Resigns and New One Formed.

Saloniki, European Turkey.—An Italian cruiser has sunk a Turkish destroyer in the harbor of Prevesa, in Epirus, and landed troops on Turkish soil. The Turkish authorities are sending a battalion of troops to Prevesa.

Italian warships belonging to the Ionian squadron encountered a flotilla of Turkish destroyers cruising off the coast of Epirus.

The Italians promptly attacked the flotilla and two Turkish ships were badly damaged by shells. They have gone ashore in the Gulf of Arta.

State of War Exists.

London.—Affairs developed with extraordinary rapidity. A state of war exists between Italy and Turkey.

No sooner had the time limit fixed in the ultimatum expired than, ignoring Turkey's conciliatory request for a period of delay, Italy declared war. The Turkish representatives in Italy were handed their passports.

The Turkish commander at Tripoli was asked to surrender the town, but declined, and the Italian forces immediately occupied Tripoli and Benghazi.

Apparently the Turks offered no resistance, but this is only an assumption, as immediately on landing the Italians seized the telegraph lines. From the hour of their landing no message of any kind has been received here from Tripoli, and dispatches sent to that place remained unanswered.

It should be noted, however, that a Constantinople dispatch announcing Italian occupation of Tripoli makes no mention of resistance, and a mere protest by the governor would be in line with Turkey's announced policy.

Turkish Cabinet Resigns.

The Turkish cabinet, which had been for some time insecure, resigned as soon as war was declared, and a new ministry was formed under Said Pasha, but retaining the former able war minister, Mahmud Shekret Pasha.

Turkey continues her efforts to secure intervention by the powers. In the meantime Italy is actively pursuing her hostilities. Italian battleships are reported to have appeared off Smyrna and Saloniki.

An Italian cruiser landed troops at Prevesa after destroying a Turkish torpedo boat destroyer, and the Italian fleet has blockaded the whole Tripoli coast. There are unconfirmed reports that Turkey intends to send an ultimatum to Greece to shut down her claims on Crete, and is making troops to the Thessalon frontier.

Hearst Indorses Clark.

New York.—Putting a climax on the reports that he has been grooming himself to enact the dark horse role at the next Democratic national convention, William H. Hearst, who returned from Europe, gave another announcement of his personal attitude in the coming campaign, again indorsing Champ Clark for the nomination.

Government Buys Iron Works.

Vallejo, Cal.—Word was received at the Mare Island navy yard that the equipment and machinery of the Edison Iron Works of San Francisco have been purchased by the government, where it will be used in addition to its present plant here. It will be transferred to Mare Island immediately.

Former Officers Indicted.

New York City.—The Kings county grand jury indicted five former officers of the defunct Mechanics and Traders' Bank and its successor, the Union Bank. The names of only one of the indicted men was made public. He was David A. Sullivan, former president of the bank.

Bride of 14th Husband.

Portland, Ore.—A record for matrimonial engagements laid before U. S. District Judge Evans when Nellie Lane, an Indian woman of the Shoshone tribe, introduced Moses, a round and comely member of the tribe, as her fourteenth husband.

Dix Puts Lid on Sunday Aviation.

Albany, N. Y.—Following complaints against the holding of aviation meets on Long Island on Sunday, Governor Dix wired Sheriff De Mot to take steps to prevent such alleged violations of law.

Vaccine Kills Student.

Pittsfield, Mass.—John J. Manning, a freshman in the Pittsfield high school, 16 years old, is dead as the result of vaccination. When he entered the high school he was ordered to be vaccinated.

Made Her Wear Overalls.

Stockton, Cal.—Because she was compelled to wear overalls and men's shoes and milk 20 cows a day, Mrs. Mary Harrell filed suit for divorce in addition to the cruelty charge laid out to provide for her is alleged.

Grosscup Will Resign.

Chicago.—Judge Grosscup issued a statement in which he said that he will send his resignation as presiding judge of the United States court on appeals of this district to President Taft the first week in October.

ACCUSED GIRL IS DENIED AUDIENCE

ANNIE CRAWFORD, CONFESSING POISONING OF SISTER, DECLINES TO PLEAD.

IS SENT BACK TO PRISON

New Evidence Presented Strengthens Belief That She Drugged Parents—Refuses to Have Photograph Taken.

New Orleans.—When Annie Crawford, the young woman who confessed to poisoning her sister, and who is suspected of having made away with her parents and an older sister, was formally arraigned under the new information charging the murder of her sister Elise, she leaned towards Judge Fisher and said in a low voice: "I would like to have a talk with you, judge, before I plead."

Judge Fisher assured her he could not engage in any private conversation with her then, and asked her to plead to the charge. She became sulen and refused to say anything, so the court ordered a plea of not guilty recorded and she was remanded to the parish prison without the benefit of bail.

Foils Photographers.

In her walks to and from the prison, and while in the inspectors' office, she has frustrated all efforts to get a good photograph by holding her face before her face or turning her head.

The uncles, aunt and surviving sisters of the accused have been instructed by the district attorney to refrain from discussing the case. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crawford, with whom the girls lived on Peters avenue, moved from the house on Peters avenue and kept their destination secret.

The people who agreed to take the house where the Crawfords lived have refused to do so on the ground that the notoriety attached to the place would be unbearable to them.

Says It Was Mistake.

In explaining her dislike for her sister Elise she said: "After my mother died and we broke up I kept my youngest sister took Gertrude, the youngest sister, and Elise and I began boarding. Gertrude finally came here, but I was unable to take care of her."

"Elise was always interfering, because when I would tell Gertrude to do this or that, Elise would always tell me to mind my own business. She would go weeks at a time without speaking to me. But this is not why I gave her the morphine. It was a mistake."

Dr. Lyman Is Captured.

San Francisco, Cal.—Dr. John Grant Lyman, promoter of extensive enterprises, who escaped from an Oakland hospital September 22 while under arrest on a charge of swindling investors out of \$50,000 in a Panama land scheme, was captured at Lakeview, Ore.

Trust Closes Agency.

Chicago.—One of the first acts of the international Harvester company to make itself conform to the Sherman law, it was said from authoritative quarters, will be the abolition of its present selling agency, the International Harvester company of America.

Gen. C. F. Manderson Dies.

Omaha, Neb.—Gen. Charles F. Manderson of Omaha, veteran of the civil war and formerly United States senator from Nebraska, died on board the White Star liner Cedric, while returning from Europe, where he had been under the care of specialists.

Mother and Four Perish.

Mitchell, Ill.—Five of the eight members of the family of Virgil Vanderwerf were burned to death and the three other members were seriously burned at Mitchell, Ill. in a fire caused by the father's efforts to start a fire in a stove with kerosene.

Man Who Shot Three Caught.

Willow River, Minn.—Ernest Edlen, 26 years old, who ran amuck while intoxicated and shot three men, including his father, is under arrest. Half starved, Eden appeared at his father's door to get something to eat and was arrested.

400 Drug Workers Quit.

New York, Sept. 29.—Work in the factory and warehouse of the American Drug Syndicate in Queensboro is at a standstill, owing to a strike of 400 employees for overtime pay.

Disagree on the Liberte.

Paris, France.—The Paris Midi affirms that absolute differences of opinion exist between Vice Admiral Belle and the minister of marine, M. Delcasse, as to the cause of the explosion that destroyed the Liberte.

Buyers Railroad for \$70.

Lawton, Okla.—Charles Oren Orth of Slater, Okla., bought the Kansas, Lawton & Gulf railroad, capitalized at \$50,000,000, at public auction for the sum of \$70, according to advices received.

Couple Sell Baby for \$5.

Howe, Neb.—After they had been prevented from giving away a baby, a man and woman, who gave the name of Jeff Lee and wife, sold the child to Homer Howell, a young farmer living near this place, for \$5.

Fatal Fire in Wichita.

Wichita, Kas.—William McCall, a fireman, and R. Johnson, a policeman, were killed, and three others were missing as the result of a fire that caused great damage to the wholesale district of this city.

THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS

A NOVELIZATION OF THE PLAY BY WILBUR D. NESBIT AND OTTO HAUERBACH
NOVELIZED BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

SYNOPSIS.

Harry Swifton is expecting a visit from his fiancée, Lucy Medders, a Quakeress whom he met in the country. His auto comes into another machine containing a beautiful woman and a German count. The woman's hat is ruined and Harry escapes the auto. On his way back to his home to play hostess, Socrates Primmer, cousin of Lucy's, arrives with a letter intended as a present for Lucy.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Make yourself at home, old chap," Harry said. "What's that? Your bag?"

"This?" Primmer sighed, indicating the hatbox. "This is a present I bought for Lucy. I happened to see it in the window of a store near here, and I purchased it and had it sent to this address. It just came, so I want to put it away and later give it to her with my own hands. Alas, my poor, poor Lucy!"

"Why—what's happened? What's so sad about Lucy?"

"She—she—oh, my poor, poor Lucy!" Primmer wailed, going slowly from the room.

"Well, wouldn't that bump you!" Harry soliloquized. "Cousin Socrates is evidently allowing his blighted affections to act on his lachrymal glands. Now, looking about the room, I expect I'd better send Venus and the ballet girls to the attic for a much-needed rest."

He was just about to take the ballet girl picture from the wall, when he was startled by an angry argument in the hallway. One voice was that of a woman, another that of the butler, and the third the broken accents of the German into whose auto Harry had smashed.

"Great guns!" he exclaimed. "They've trailed me down."

Into the room rushed the pair.

"You!" both cried.

CHAPTER III.

For a moment the couple looked at Harry and Harry looked at them. It would be difficult to say whether they were both the greater surprise.

"I want that hat!" spoke the lady, in determined tones.

"Yes, Ve want dot hat!" said the gentleman.

"I haven't a hat," Harry explained.

The German was about to explode in a few belligerent remarks, but the lady put her hand on his arm to restrain him, and said in milder tones: "You can help me out of a most distressing situation, sir."

"How so, madam?" Harry asked.

"We have just come from the new milliner's around the corner. I recognize you as the gentleman who figured in that unfortunate accident this morning, and strangely enough the milliner says that she sent to this house within an hour the perfect duplicate of my hat, which your auto ruined."

"Yellow it was," interrupted the German. "Yellow, with red puppies on it."

"Puppies, not puppies, count," said the lady. "Now, sir," to Harry, "I must have the hat which was sent here. Mine was an imported model and the milliner had but this one duplicate."

"There has been no hat delivered here," Harry replied.

"But it was!" the lady argued. "And I must have it!"

"I will go now, if you please," said the German, who had been growing more and more nervous.

"Oh, sir," Mrs. Blazes answered, "I wouldn't dare to go home without that particular hat, or its exact duplicate. My husband is very jealous. He would be sure to want to know where the original hat had gone—in fact, it is his favorite hat. Please, please give me the hat."

"But I tell you I haven't it. I'd give it to you in a minute if I had it."

"At a nonsense!" the Count cried. Mrs. Blazes was about to say something when a strange voice was heard outside.

"Right up here? Thank thee!" It was the voice of Amos Medders.

"Great heavens!" Harry blushed. "They've come. My future father-in-law, and my future fiancée!"

"Ah!" the Count said, malvolently. "Unless you give us der vat we vill make some trouble."

"Please go!" Harry begged. "Please! I haven't the hat. I'll get you a whole hat store, if you'll only go!"

But they were adamant. Mrs. Blazes, nerved to desperation because she knew she simply could not go home without her hat, planked herself into a chair and announced that she would stay right there until he gave her her own hat.

An inspiration came to Harry. Taking Mrs. Blazes by the arm he said: "I'll send out and get you the hat. I'll get that milliner to rush another duplicate for you. Here, hide in here for a while. You understand there'd be no end of talk if you were found here."

He rushed Mrs. Blazes to the door of his own room and pushed her in and slammed the door, then turned to the Count.

"Now you may go," he said.

The Count was only too willing, but Lucy and her father could be heard coming nearer. Bewildered, Harry grabbed the Count by the arm and shoved him into the library on the other side from his own room.

"I can't meet them while I am in this condition," he said, looking about the room. "I'm so nervous they'd think I was guilty of something terrible or that I didn't want them here. If I were guilty I could carry it off easily. Thus does innocence get the hooks!"

And as Lucy and her father came into the room he slipped out the door leading to the back hallway.

Wonderfully, Lucy Medders and her father passed the hangings and entered Harry's den. They gazed about them, at the stoves, the boxing gloves, the pipe racks, the pictures and all the other fittings of a bachelor's den.

On the table lay a deck of cards, a half-smoked cigar, an opened box of

cigarettes, and some scattered red white and blue chips.

"Oh-h!" Lucy gasped. "Isn't it lovely, father?"

"And this?" Mr. Medders said—"this is Harry's home!"

"It seemeth different from our own home, doth it not?" Lucy asked, shyly.

"Verily, daughter," Medders remarked, coming to a stop before the highly colored picture of the ballet girls, "there be nothing like this at home."

"Why," Lucy said, looking at the picture, "see the ladies in the rainy day skirts!"

"I see the ladies," Medders said, drily, "but where are the skirts? Verily, daughter, they must have feared a flood."

"Perhaps," Lucy offered, seeing that her father viewed the picture with disapproval, "perhaps it is a biblical scene."

"Nay, daughter. If it were, more people would be buying Bibles."

Medders turned from the picture, and his attention was caught by the statuette of the Venus de Milo. He looked at it intently.

"This is a sad sight, daughter," he remarked.

"Because her arms are broken, father?" Lucy asked, innocently, not understanding that her father was expressing a dislike to such works of art. "Peradventure she broke them off trying to hook her dress in the back," she continued, merrily.

"She hath no dress to hook," Medders said, solemnly. "But, aside from these, the place hath a seemly look."

CHAPTER IV.

From the hallway came gliding in the sorrowful figure of Socrates Primmer. He caught his breath sharply at



Count Von Fitz, Whose Flirtatious Escapades Were discussed on All Sides.

had gone for a jolly little ride through the park, which had been spoiled by the untoward accident which destroyed her hat.

"Why don't you go and get a hat—any kind of a hat?" he asked. "I'll be glad to pay for it, as I was partially at fault when your hat was ruined."

"Oh, sir," Mrs. Blazes answered, "I wouldn't dare to go home without that particular hat, or its exact duplicate. My husband is very jealous. He would be sure to want to know where the original hat had gone—in fact, it is his favorite hat. Please, please give me the hat."

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SECRET OF PASTOR'S SUCCESS

Writer is of Opinion That Proper Method Has Much to Do With the Matter.

The reason why a good many ministers are out of a job is because they do not want to visit, because they are looking for a church that will fit their own notions rather than trying to fit themselves to the needs of a church. It is true that a good many men do not know how to call, they do not know how to behave when they get into a house, they do not like it and will shrink it every chance they get. Yet calling is the secret of success in almost every parish today—not the same kind of calling in all places, but some kind in every place—and if our seminaries had wisdom they would fit their students to do their work in the best way, in the only way in which it can be done in the country at least. Give one year to sermon-making and three years to making gentlemen in the truest sense of that word. Thus send out men who can adapt themselves to the needs of the place where they are called, and can thus serve human souls, who, being as they are, want to be better. The problem of the country church is to be solved by the pastor rather than the preacher.—Universalist Leader.

Red Cross Christmas Seals. The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis will this year for the first time be national agent for the American Red Cross in handling the sale of Red Cross seals. A new national office has been opened in Washington, and an initial order has been placed for 50,000,000 seals, although it is expected that double that number will be sold. The charge to local agents for the seals will be 12 1/2 per cent. of the gross proceeds, the national agent furnishing the seals and advertising material, and taking back all unsold seals at the end of the season. Postmaster General Hitchcock has approved of the design of the seal. Owing to the fact that many people last year used Red Cross seals for postage, the post office department has given orders that letters or packages bearing seals on the face will not be carried through the mails.

Masculine Anxiety. Teddy's mother had been taken suddenly ill one morning while he was at school. On his return, he was admitted to his mother's room, for a few minutes, and found his Aunt Alicia sitting by the bed.

"No, Teddy," said she, "mother has been very ill, and must not talk."

"O my! I'm sorry, mother," gasped Teddy.

Mother smiled at him lovingly.

Master Teddy seated himself on a large chair directly opposite, and, after wriggling anxiously around for a minute or two, delivered himself of the speech.

"Mother dear—now don't try to speak—but if you mean yes, nod your head—this way—and if you mean no, shake your head—this way. Have you seen my baseball bat?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Buying Legislators in Jobs. One day, writes Sloane Gordon in Success Magazine, a former member of the Ohio house displayed, in a very, a large roll of bills in the Neil house lobby. A fellow member gazed in awe at the show of wealth.

"I just sold a drove of hogs," explained the former member rather hastily and confusedly.

The observing one was thoughtful. He did not reply for the half-minute usually essential to the full-measured beat of his mental processes. And then—

"Yes," he drawled, "and I'll let I'm one of them haws."

Cause of the Excitement. The sons of the rich were all enthusiastically following some one down the street.

"What's up?" someone asked.

A rather more accommodating young nabob than the others turned around.

"Do you see that tall fellow up front?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well," he said, "he's discovered a new way to spend money."

Not All Smoked. L. White Busbey, secretary to former Speaker Cannon, was explaining that the speaker did not smoke so much as people thought he did.

"My understanding," suggested one of the party, "is that he gets away with about 20 cigars a day."

"Oh, well," said Busbey, "but he eats half of 'em."—Sunday Magazine.

Easy Breakfast!

A bowl of crisp Post Toasties

and cream—the thing's done!

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